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THE RENEGADE.

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To the north of Luteve the mountain of Carenal reflected the last rays of the setting sun. The hour appointed by Goudair for the assembling of the mountaineers at length arrived. Ezilda advanced amidst the enthusiastic throng. Arrayed in white, and covered with a long transparent veil, she looked like the genius of heroic inspiration, smiling on the sons of glory. The princess addressed herself to the chief of the warlike circle, and unfolded to them the plan which her courageous mind had conceived. Not far from Carenal, on the summit of a steep mountain, rose the fortress of Segorum, built by the Romans, and which from its situation seemed almost inaccessible. On the declivity of the hill a celebrated chapel had for many years attracted pilgrims from all parts of Gaul. It had been built by Thierri II., the last King of France, in fulfilment of a pious vow; it was consecrated to Our Lady of Cevennes, and the numerous miracles which were supposed to be performed in the holy edifice frequently attracted throngs of strangers to Segorum. The fortress belonged to the Princess of Cevennes, but had yielded to the infidels. The Princess now conceived the bold design of reconquering it,—a measure which seemed necessary to restore the faith and rekindle the courage of the mountaineers.

Ezilda conducted her warlike train through the narrow passes of Carenal, and succeeded in obtaining access to the fortress, by the effects of her charms on the sentinel.

A sanguinary combat now commenced. The first detachment of the assailants had entered the garrison. Among the besieged terror flew from post to post, and consternation was painted on every countenance. A new tumult was heard proceeding from the watch-tower of the fortress. The second detachment, consisting of six hundred mountaineers, had forced an entrance. The Princess of Cevennes appeared on the ramparts; in her hand she held the sword of the commandant of Segorum, who had been made prisoner. "The citadel has surrendered (said the heroine,) let the combat instantly cease!" Among the Saracen chiefs who had been wounded and carried from the scene of action, was Alaor, the friend of Agobar. Having escorted the sisters of St. Amalberge to the first French posts, he had proceeded to Segorum with dispatches for the commandant. The princess gave orders that he should receive every requisite attendance, and that no effort should be spared to save his life. She next threw open the prisons of the fortress, where several French battalions were confined. What was her surprise to find that she had liberated Leodat and his followers! On separating from the Princess, near the miraculous grotto, the Prince of Avernes and his little detachment were surrounded by the enemy's legions, and the Mussulmans had conveyed their captives to Segorum.

The Princess retired to the eastern town, to pass the night. Previous to the taking of Segorum, Ezilda secretly vowed that if Heaven should favour her enterprise, she would visit the holy chapel of the mountain to return thanks to the Almighty, and to make an offering to Our Lady of Cevennes of some trophy of the victory. Faithful to her vow, Ezilda rose at break of day, and taking the sword and shield which she had received from the Arab commandant of the fortress, she descended the staircase of the tower and proceeded to the cha-

pel. The chapel of Segorum had been built only twenty-seven years. At the period of its erection, the Queen of France had presented an heir to Thierri III., and public rejoicings celebrated the birth of Clodomir. But the royal infant soon fell dangerously ill. Convinced that the air of the south of France would prove beneficial to the queen and his son, the king accompanied them to Marseilles, and from thence embarked for Narbonne. A dreadful tempest arose; the royal vessel was separated from its escort, and was attacked by an Algerine pirate. The crew defended themselves with intrepidity; but, being overpowered by numbers, they were on the point of surrendering:—"Oh! Holy Virgin of Cevennes, (exclaimed the king,) save Clodomir, and I will consecrate a temple to thee on the hill of Segorum!" But a fatal arrow had pierced the breast of Clodomir. The French soldiers fought desperately against the elements and their assailants. Their persevering energy surmounted every obstacle; the storm abated, and the pirate fled. The royal vessel reached the coast in safety; Clodomir recovered, and Thierri's vow was faithfully fulfilled. Below the ramparts of Segorum a magnificent chapel was erected to the Virgin, and near the altar was placed a picture representing the Queen and her young son at the moment when the arrow pierced the infant's breast. On the right of the picture stood a marble statue of Thierri, kneeling and pronouncing the solemn vow.

The Princess of Luteve entered the chapel. Numerous wax tapers, which had been lighted on the preceding evening in celebration of the taking of Segorum, still illuminated the sanctuary. Ezilda placed the Saracen sword and shield on the altar, and returned thanks to heaven for her brilliant victory. Forgetting the dangers she had encountered, her heart was filled with favourable presentiments. Her hands were clasped, and with her eyes fixed on the bridal ring which formerly promised her a throne, she sighed and recollected the solemn hour when the descendant of Clovis led her to the altar: "O Clodomir!" she exclaimed, raising her eyes to the pictures which surmounted the altar. The noise of footsteps interrupted her. She turned, and beheld a warrior of tall stature attentively observing her. His gold helmet was surmounted by a red and black plume, and his vizor was lowered. No less agitated than surprised, the Princess immediately rose; but soon resuming her wonted courage,—"Who are you?" she exclaimed looking steadfastly at the warrior.—"I am Agobar!" exclaimed the *Renegade*, raising his vizor. "And I am Ezilda!" replied the Princess, drawing aside her veil. The chief of the Saracens recognised the heroine of Amalberge. More than ever charmed by her dazzling beauty, and no less astonished at her heroic calmness,—"Ezilda!" he repeated, and he seemed agitated by some painful recollection. "Clodomir! (continued the *Renegade*,) who is the Clodomir to whom you address your prayers? Christian! have you given this new name to the Supreme Judge, or have you made a divinity of the object you adore? If so, I pity you, for, like every other god, Clodomir turns a deaf ear to your supplications."—Ezilda was silent; but the look of indignation which she cast on the Musulman chief was more eloquent than any reply. She fixed her eyes on the picture above the altar, and the expression of her countenance sufficiently revealed the Clodomir whom she invoked. "Can it be possible, (exclaimed Agobar,) do you weep for the son of a line of kings? Mysterious woman! tell me, conjure you, who are you?"—"I am the Princess of Cevennes, (replied Ezilda,) and I was in happier days the plighted bride of Clodomir."—"You, exclaimed Agobar, in a transport of agitation and surprise,) you the daughter of Theobert! the bride of Clodomir!"—"And now, Agobar, (resumed the Princess,) in your turn, inform me by what name you were formerly distinguished among the Christians?"—"Alas! ill-fated Princess, tremble

to hear it, (replied the chief of the Mussulmans,)—I am Clodomir!"—"Clodomir! (repeated Ezilda, recoiling with horror)—*Renegade*, what do I hear!" Agobar pulled off his gauntlet, and drawing a ring from his finger presented it to the Princess. Ezilda took the ring. That which she had received at the altar had never forsaken her finger. She compared the two rings. They were exactly alike, bearing the same arms, the same dates, and the same names.—"If you want other proofs (pursued the *Renegade*,) behold the royal sword of my father, it is the only inheritance of Clodomir. Cast your eyes on that picture: an arrow pierces the breast of the young descendant of Clovis; the wound was deep, and the scar will be for ever visible." He opened his coat of mail. Every doubt now vanished. Ezilda recognised the scar which in the days of her childhood had frequently attracted her observation. The Princess uttered not a word. For the first time in her life her courage failed her, and, bathed in tears, she gazed on the royal sword of Thierri III. "You hate me, (resumed Agobar,) you must hate me! But do not suppose you are bound to fulfil your vows to the *Renegade*. No, Ezilda, Clodomir breaks the bridal ring!"—"Never! (exclaimed the heroine.) Death alone shall break the bonds that unite us together. You cannot render back my vows; but you can do more—you can restore me to Clodomir!"—"No, (replied the warrior;) in the career in which fate has thrown me, I have marched with giant strides: to retreat is impossible.—But (continued he, with vehemence, perceiving the sword and shield of the Arab commandant,) who has placed these arms on the altar?—Enough: all is explained. Presumptuous woman! Ezilda is the heroine of Segorum!"

At this moment the Prince of Averne, accompanied by a few followers, entered the chapel. Having learned that the Princess had quitted the fort, he doubted not that she had gone to offer up thanksgivings in the sanctuary, and he hastened to meet her. "Surrender, infidel!" he exclaimed, on perceiving Agobar.—"Only with my life!" replied the *Renegade*, taking up the royal sword of Thierri III., and he rushed on his adversary, resolved that his life should be dearly sold. Ezilda turned pale—she no longer beheld the *Renegade*. The Mussulman chief was the heir of the French throne—he was Clodomir—her husband. Leodat had wounded his enemy. The daughter of Theobert rushed between the combatants. Prince, (she said) respect the hero; his person is sacred! Agobar is my prisoner. Chief of the Mussulmans, follow me." She led her prisoner to the gate of the chapel, where his Arabian courser awaited him. "Son of Thierri, (she said,) instantly fly this spot."—Overcome with emotion, Agobar seized the hand of his liberatress,—"Magnanimous Ezilda! (he exclaimed,) when our nuptial rings were exchanged, what felicity awaited me—the throne of France and thy heart! How my hopes have vanished! How my happiness has fled!" He was about to mount his courser, but suddenly turning, "Ezilda (he said) I have one boon to ask. Within the walls of Segorum, Ataor is your captive: restore to me my young brother in arms; grant this favour to Agobar."—"I grant it to Clodomir," said the Princess, and she returned to the citadel.

(To be continued.)

THE OLD WHITE HAT—AND THE OLD GREY MARE.

(Continued from Page 245.)

With his usual scepticism he would not trust to the reports of others, but in spite of a recent sickness, and the expostulations of his wife, tied his old hat under his chin, sallied into Loughton-lane, and not content with reading the placard in that direction, skirted the new paling, till he came in front of the free school, where he perused the duplicate, notwithstanding the mud with which some indig-

nant urchins had bespattered it. His resolution was instantly formed. How can we expect the poor, said he, who so fearfully outnumber us, to leave us in quiet possession of our fortunes and luxuries, if we are to look coldly on and see them deprived of their humble rights. Reciprocal forbearance and protection are the upholding principles of the social compact, and the best security for the continuance of the former is the scrupulous exercise of the latter. They may take the law said a neighbour to whom he thus expressed himself;—they may take Okehamhall, said Chilvers, for it has been to let these two years, but how are they to pay for it? I wouldn't have gone to law for myself if he had blocked up my hall-door, and compelled me to get in at the top of my house, like Robinson Crusoe; but though I might compromise my own rights, I do not feel at liberty to sacrifice those of the poor, so I'll just step on and call upon Mr. Clinch.

Mr. Clinch was a brisk little lawyer, who, by a smirking industry, and technical knowledge of legal quibbles and subtleties, had bustled himself into a thriving business, though he knew no more of the leading principles upon which the noble palladium of the law was built, or of its great expositors, than the rat which is conversant with all the holes, flaws, and hiding places under St. Paul's, knows of architecture and Sir Christopher Wren. He had lately settled in the neighbourhood, having bought a small brick house at the confluence of three roads, on whose top he had built a fantastical wooden tower, where he occasionally took his wine and the dust; and upon the strength of this castellated superstructure, and two little brass cannons on the lawn, which were always fired when he set off for London at the commencement of term, he gave his residence the very consistant name of Castle-cottage. The rustics called it the Lawyer's Folly;—Chilvers denominated the tower, Mr. Clinch's Coke upon Littleton, and the guns his Term Reports. At this interview, hostilities were resolved on, and the man of law having learnt in the course of his enquiries, that old Adam Wright remembered when there was not even a stile at the thoroughfare in question, and had rode through it scores of times on horseback, wrote to my friend requesting he would order the fellow to step up to C——Row, and he would come over, take his bit of mutton with him, and examine the rustic after dinner. Old Adam Wright was a pensioner of Squire Tilson, in whose lodge he resided, and as Chilvers knew him to be infirm, as well as old, his method of ordering the fellow to step up was to send over a chaise-cart for him, with a civil message requesting an interview. I was in the parlour when he arrived, and could not help smiling at his rueful looks, when he saw Mr. Clinch at table with paper before him and pen in his hand. Standing close to the door as if fearful of advancing, he cast a most suspicious glance from his little grey eyes, which, from the bend of his body, he was obliged to turn upwards, while a sudden blush reddened his wrinkled forehead, and even tinged his bald head. Sit down, Mr. Wright, said my friend, at the same time pouring him out a bumper of wine, which the old man tossed off at one gulp with a dexterity worthy of his younger days. The lawyer stared; Adam Wright sate timidly down—drew up his breath, and again gazed round him suspiciously, but upon learning the object of his examination, presently recovered his composure. I understand, good man, said Mr. Clinch, that you have rode through this field when it was open, scores of times. Never but once, was the reply. Only once! why then did you say you had? I never did say so. Hem! said Clinch—a shy bird. Behold the exaggeration of village gossips, said Chilvers;—but you did once ride throughit, Mr. Wright; will you have the goodness to relate to us what you recollect of the circumstances?—I recollect them all, replied Adam, as well as if it happened yesterday, though I was only nine years old at the time.

Mayhap, Sir, you might know sleat-haired Jack as they called him, that drove the Cambridge. Chilvers regretted that he never had the honour. Well, Sir, I was then apprentice to his own father, old Harrison, that kept the farrier's shop at the lower common.—How was it bounded on the north? interrupted Clinch. The Lord knows, resumed Adam. That must be ascertained, however, quoth Clinch, laying down his pen. It can't be done no how, said Adam, for the great stack of chimnies has fallen to, right where I used to stand and blow the bellows. God preserve us! think heaven, there's only a low chimney to our lodge. See how an old man clings to life, whispered Chilvers; he never troubled his head about chimnies when he was young.—Well, Sir, said Wright, in continuation, old Harrison (I called him *master* then) had been trumpeter or horse-doctor in the Greys— Which was he?—again interrupted Clinch—he must have been one or the other. No, Sir, he wasn't, for I believe he was both. Ay, that will do—go on. Well, he served in the Greys, I don't know how many years, and when he was discharged superannuated, they allowed him to buy his grey mare that he always rode: and how old she was, God knows, for the mark was out of her mouth afore ever she came to him, and he rode her twelve years in the army. Upon this mare he used to go about for orders, attending the gentlemen's hunters round the country, and what not; but never suffered any body to mount her without it was himself. He had only to call out Polly, and she would come running up to him directly, and would follow him up and down town, just like a dog, without ever a bridle, no, nor so much as a halter. Well, master never breakfasted at home;—the first thing in the morning, he used to put some soft gingerbread in his pocket, for his teeth were knocked out at some great battle, and go down to the King's Head, and there if you passed the bow window you would be sure to see him in his cocked hat sitting behind a half pint of purl. On the morning I was telling you of ——. You have told us of no morning yet, cried Clinch. I mean the morning when I rode through the field in the afternoon;—on that morning I took Polly down to the King's Head according to orders, as master was going over to Romford to look at Squire Preston's hunter that was took ill; but it seems that just as he got to Woodly-end, down came Polly, and a terrible fall by all accounts it was. However, master wasn't much hurt, but we saw something had happened by his coming home without Polly, though he never said a word, but desired us all, for he kept three men besides me, to leave off work, take spades and dig a great hole in the yard, while he broke up the ground for us with a pickaxe. To work we went, and in three hours we had made a rare pit, all wondering what it could mean. Adam, said he to me when we had done, go to the paddock at the upper common where you will find Polly; bring her here, but don't offer to get upon her back, and don't go faster than a walk.—So I took a halter—Was it leather or rope? inquired Clinch; Adam could not tell, so he proceeded. When I got to the paddock, there was Polly, sure enough, with her knees all bloody; but as I saw she was'nt lame at all, and seemed in good spirits, I put the halter in her mouth, and going back a little, so as to get a short run, I put my hand upon her shoulder, and jumped upon her back. Jumped upon her back! echoed Clinch, looking incredulously at the decrepid object before him. Lord love you, continued Adam, I was then as nimble as a squirrel, and as lissome as a withy. So I rode her across this here field, for there was'nt even a stile then, nor any sign of one, and got off when we reached the high road for fear of being seen, and led her into our yard, where master was sitting in his cocked hat, and the men all whispering together up in a corner. As soon as I came in, he called out to our big foreman; Sam, says he, step up into my room, and bring me down the horse-pistols that I took from the French officer at the

battle of —— I forgot what place he said, but I know it ended with a *quet*, or a *nardo*, or some such sound; so I can't be much out. They glittered as he took them out of their cases, for he always cleaned them every Sunday morning, and as I stared first at master as he proceeded to load them, putting two bullets in each—then at the great hole in the ground, then at the men all looking solemn-like, and then at poor Polly, gazing in master's face, while her knees and legs were covered with blood, I felt my heart beat, and was all over in a flutter. When he had finished loading the pistols, he went and stood in front of the mare. Polly, said he, I have rode thee these sixteen years over road and river, through town and country, by night and by day, through storm and sunshine, and thou never made a bolt or a boggle with me till now. Thou hast carried me over five thousand dead bodies before breakfast, and twice saved my life, once when the allies left us in the lurch, and we were obliged to scamper for it; once when our company fell into an ambush, and only thirty men escaped. We must both die soon, and should I go first, which I may quickly do if you give me such another tumble, it will be a bad day's work for thee. Thou wouldst not wish to be starved, and mauled, and worked to death, and thy carcase given over to the nackers, wouldst thou? Polly put down her head, and rubbed it against him, and while she was doing so, he tied a handkerchief over her eyes, and kissing her first on one side of the face, and then on the other, he said: Polly, God bless thee! and instantly fired one of his pistols right into her ear. She fell down, gave one kick, and never moved or moaned afterwards; but I remember the tears gushed out of my eyes just as if a Christian had been shot, and even big Sam looked ready to cry as he stood over her, and said, poor Polly! We buried her in the hole, and master told us we had worked enough for one day, and might spend the afternoon where we liked, and he was just going to fire his other pistol in the air, when he saw a crow on the top of the weather cock; and, sure enough, he brought her down, for he was a rare shot. After all, it was a cruel thing to use a poor dumb beast in that way, only for tumbling with him; and no one could tell why he buried her in the yard, when the Squire's gamekeeper would have given a fair price for the carcass to feed the hounds. But old Harrison was an odd one. Ah! we've got a mort of regular doctors in the parish now, besides the potecary, and I dare say they may do well enough for Christians, and such like, but I reckon there's ne'er a one o'em could stop the glanders in a horse like master Harrison.

(To be continued.)

ADAM BLAIR.

In pursuance of our promise we give three extracts from this interesting work,—one describing the griefs of Adam Blair when he was innocent,—one describing his remorse when guilty,—and one describing his peace and penitence when restored:—

"It was the custom of the house, that a servant rung a bell every morning at eight o'clock, to assemble all the family for prayers. That morning the old man, whose common duty this was, did not venture to perform it; but not many minutes had elapsed beyond the accustomed hour, ere the bell was rung, and all, so soon as it was heard, entered the parlour with their Bibles in their hands. When they came in they found that Mr. Blair had already taken his seat, and had the book lying open upon the table before him. Little Sarah was sitting on her stool close beside him, and his left hand rested upon her shoulder, while the right was occupied in turning over the leaves of the Bible. The child's eyes were red, but she too was composed; she too was handling her book, and turning over its leaves. As for Mr. Blair, he did not look up when he heard his servants enter, but as soon as they had taken their seats, he uttered his usual preliminary petition much in his usual manner, and then

proceeded to read aloud the lines of the 121st Psalm,—

'I to the hills will lift mine eyes
From whence doth come mine aid,' &c.

in a tone of serenity and firmness, that filled the hearts of those who heard him with a mixed sentiment of surprise and veneration—surprise at the strength exhibited, and veneration for that deep sway of religious feelings, by which, as they rightly judged, such strength in weakness had been produced. They had not witnessed the struggle, but they guessed something of what had been; and they, simple as they were, had sense enough and wisdom enough to revere the faith which had passed through such fires, to come forth purified, not tarnished. After the Psalm had been sung, he read the fourteenth chapter of the Gospel according to St. John, and concluded with a prayer, such as none, most surely, but a sorely chastened heart, could have conceived, although throughout the whole of it there was no express allusion to the particular situation of the person by whom it was uttered. Once or twice the voice faltered, but he soon recovered himself; and when the service was over, and all had once more risen from their knees, I believe the countenance of the young bereaved minister bore fewer traces of trouble than any other countenance in the room.

"Even in the house of sorrow, the ordinary matters of life go on, for the most part, in their ordinary course; and I will confess, that to me this has always appeared to be one of the most truly affecting things in the world. The cloth is laid, the meal is prepared, the bottle is brought up from the cellar, the family sit around the table—all these affairs go on just as duly the day that the mistress or the master of a family is dead, as any other day in the year. Grief, even the sincerest and deepest grief, occupies, after all, when the first triumph of its energies is over, no more than a place in the back-ground. The front of life is as smooth as ever.

"All this was so within the Manse of Cross-Meikle; of course still more so round about its walls. Servants passed to and fro about the occupations of the house, inquiring friends and acquaintances came and went, the little motherless girl was seen from time to time busied in the garden among the few lingering flowers of the autumn. Mr. Blair himself was not visible to any but his own family, and to them only at the hours when the family were accustomed to be together. At other times he was in his chamber alone, or with his orphan by his side—the accustomed volumes lying about him—to the eye the same quiet, grave man, or nearly so, that he had been a week or month before. The closed windows of the chamber in which the body lay, furnished the only outward and visible sign that death was in the house.

"Mr. Blair was sitting by himself on the evening of the third day; apparently he had been reading, but the light had deserted him, and his book had been laid down on the table near him, when the door of the room was opened, and some one, as if hesitating to go farther, stood just within the threshold, with his finger on the handle of the door. Mr. Blair did not observe, for a minute or two, that the door of his room had been opened, but at last his eye happened to travel in that direction, and he perceived that John Maxwell, one who had for many years been the oldest among the elders of his parish, was come to visit him in his affliction.

"'Come in, John,' said he; 'so old a friend may come at any time; I am glad to see you—sit down, John;' and in saying so, he had taken the worthy man by the hand, and was leading him towards the seat from which he himself had just arisen.

"'The Lord is gracious, Mr. Blair,—the Lord is very gracious! It is He that giveth, and it is He that taketh away. Blessed be his holy name! Oh, sir, I thought the Lord would never surely leave your father's son, and I see he has not left you.'

"The old man meant to speak words of comfort but ere he had done, his

voice failed him, and the tears were gushing over his cheeks as he looked in his young minister's face, and wrung the hand that had been extended to him. It was no wonder, surely, that the afflicted man sympathized with his comforter, or that some minutes had elapsed before either of them was in any condition to renew the conversation.

"Nor shall we trouble the reader with any needless detail of it. Let it be sufficient to know, that on the part of Mr. Blair it was all that could become any man afflicted as he was, and much more than could have been expected from so young a sufferer as he, while John Maxwell shewed himself worthy of holding the rank he did in the church of Christ. The minister and the elder laid their hearts open to each other; they wept, they prayed, and they took sweet council together. John had been more than once nerved, softened, and renerved again, ere he at length took courage to whisper into Mr. Blair's ear, that *his presence was wanted in the chamber*. Mr. Blair understood perfectly what John meant. He arose at once, and walked towards the place where his wife's remains were about to be closed up for ever from all human view.

"It is the rule in Scotland, that no male, except it be a husband, a father, or a brother, can be permitted to remain in the room while the coffin-lid is screwed down upon a female corpse. John Maxwell attended his minister to the door, therefore, but no farther. Within, three or four village matrons only, and the female servants of the family, were assembled. Mr. Blair entered, and found them in the midst of all the fearful paraphernalia with which it was (and is) the custom of Scotland to deepen the gloom of the most sad of all possible occasions. Well as he was acquainted with all the habitudes of his country-folks, he had never before brought fully home to his imagination all that now met his view. The knots, the ribbons, the cushions, the satin, the tinsel—all that melancholy glitter turned his soul sick within him, and once more he yielded,—not, however, as before, nor to the same enemies. Sadness, weariness, heart-sickness—these were now his visitants. He stood pale and feeble, while the tears flowed over his cheeks in utter silence. One of the old women thought that a sight of his wife's face might bring him, through emotion, to himself again, and she lifted the veil. But even this was of no use, and to no purpose. The man was altogether unnerved—the strong-souled Adam Blair was in that hour a weeping, and he wept on as silently, and not a whit more bitterly than before. They led him, unresisting, to his room; he allowed himself, for the first time of his life, to be undressed by hands other than his own. After he had been put to bed, John Maxwell stood over against him for some minutes, saying, 'Wae's me, wae's me.' He then commanded all the rest to retire, and kneeling by the bedside, began to pray aloud in the old sublime simplicity of the true village worthies of Scotland. The priest felt in his soul the efficacious piety of the elder of Israel.

"'Good night, John Maxwell.'

"'God bless you—God strengthen you!' and so they parted.

"The next day, no wordly work was done in the parish of Cross-Meikle. At twelve o'clock the church-bell began to toll, and the friends of Mr. Blair were seen walking slowly in twos and threes along the green lanes which lead towards the Church and Manse; while the rest, assembling in the burying ground, awaited the forthcoming of the mournful procession. Such as had been particularly invited, entered the house. One by one they were ushered into the parlour of the Manse, and not one approached it without something like a feeling of fear. But that feeling was dispelled in a moment; Mr. Blair stood in the midst of the apartment with a face of such calmness and composure as if he had been the only man there that day whose business it was not to receive comfort, but to give it. To each of the guests who entered the room he

went up separately, and extended his hand in silence. Not one word was uttered by any one.

"Each took his station; and then a salver of wine having been handed round, Mr. Blair himself called upon the eldest of his brother clergymen present to ask a blessing. It is in that form, that the funeral prayer of the Scottish ceremonial is announced and uttered. The person called upon to pronounce it on this occasion, was by no means one who had lived on any very particular terms of intimacy with Mr. Blair; neither was he any great favourite among the country people of the neighbourhood. He bore, in general, the character of a dry, sarcastic sort of man, and, being very old, was personally little known, except among the immediate circle of his own friends and connexions. Yet not one that heard Dr. Muir pray that day, would have wished the duty to have fallen into other hands. The old man had himself experienced the sorrows of life, and he spake like one who was about to go down into the grave, leaning on the only arm in which strength lies.

"It was a touching spectacle to see the church-yard when the procession entered it. Old and young stood around unbonnetted, and few dry eyes were turned on Mr. Blair when he took his station at the head of the opened grave. The clods, as they rattled down, sent a shudder to every bosom, and when the spade was heard clapping the replaced sod into its form, every one turned away his eyes, lest his presence should be felt as an intrusion on the anguish of the minister. He, on his part, endured it wonderfully; but the dead mother had been laid down by the side of her dead children, and perhaps, at that moment, he was too humble to repine at their re-union. He uncovered and bowed himself over the grave when the last turf was beat down, and then, leaning on the arm of John Maxwell, walked back slowly through the silent rows of his people to the solitude of his Manse.

"After he was out of sight, not a few of them drew near to contemplate the new-made grave, and the old were not slow to retrace the memory of those of the same family who had heretofore been committed to the same dust. On the wall of the church, immediately adjoining, a large marble tablet had been affixed, to record the pious labours of Mr. Blair's father, who preceded him in the charge of that parish; and most of those who were present could still recall with distinctness the image of the good old man, and the grave tones of his voice in exhortation. But there was a green head-stone there, rudely fashioned, and most rudely sculptured, to which their fingers were pointed with feelings of yet loftier veneration. That stone marked the spot where Mr. Blair's grandfather was laid—a simple peasant of the parish—one whose time on earth had been abridged in consequence of what he had done and suffered in days when God's chosen race, and the true patriots of our country, were hunted up and down like the beasts of the field—when the citizens of a Christian land durst not sing a psalm in the wilderness, without the risk of being hewn into pieces by the sword of some godless slave. They who are acquainted with Scotland—above all, with the west of Scotland—cannot be ignorant of the reverence which is still cherished for *the seed of the martyrs.* Such feelings, I am sorry to say, were more widely spread, and more intensely felt, in former times than they are now. It was to them, in no small degree, that Adam Blair was indebted for the deep affection with which his person and all his concerns were, and always had been, regarded by the people of his parish. To their love he had "titles manifold," but not the least was his being the grand-son and namesake of Old Adam Blair, who had fought against bloody Clavers and the butcher Dalyell, at Bothwell-bridge, and endured torture, without shrinking, in the presence of *false Lauderdale.*

To be continued.

SPANISH NUNS.

(From the "New Monthly Magazine.")

THERE is an extreme eagerness in the Catholic professors of celibacy, both male and female, to decoy young persons into the toils from which they themselves cannot escape. With this view they have disguised the awful ceremony which cuts off an innocent girl from the sweetest hopes of nature with the pomp and gaiety which mankind have unanimously bestowed on the triumph of legitimate love. The whole process which condemns a female "to wither on the virgin thorn," and "live a barren sister all her life," is studiously made to represent a wedding. The unconscious victim, generally in her fifteenth year, finds herself, for some time previous to her taking the veil, the queen—nay, the idol of the whole community which has obtained her preference. She is constantly addressed by the name of the bride, and sees nothing but gay preparations for the expected day of her spiritual nuptials. Attired in a splendid dress, and decked with all the jewels of her family and friends, she takes public leave of her acquaintance, visits on her way to the convent several other nunneries to be seen and admired by the recluse inhabitants, and even the crowd which collects in her progress follows her with tears and blessings. As she approaches the church of her monastery, the dignified ecclesiastic who is to perform the ceremony, meets the intended novice at the door, and leads her to the altar amid the sounds of bells and musical instruments. The monastic weeds are blessed by the priest in her presence; and having embraced her parents and nearest relations, she is led by the lady, who acts as bride's maid, to the small door next to the double grating, which separates the nuns' choir from the body of the church. A curtain is drawn while the abbess cuts off the hair of the novice, and strips her of her worldly ornaments. On the removal of the curtain she appears in the monastic garb, surrounded by the nuns bearing lighted tapers, her face covered with the white veil of probationship, fixed on the head by a wreath of flowers. After the *Te Deum*, or some other hymn of thanksgiving, the friends of the family adjourn to the *Locutory*, or visiting room, where a collation of ices and sweetmeats is served in the presence of the mock bride, who, with the principal nuns, attends behind the grating which separates the visitors from the inmates of the convent. In the more austere convents the parting visit is omitted, and the sight of the novice in the white veil, immediately after having her hair cut off, is the last which, for a whole year, is granted to the parents. They again see her on the day when she binds herself with the irrevocable vows, never to behold her more, unless they should live to see her again crowned with flowers, when she is laid in the grave.

Instances of novices quitting the convent during the year of probation are extremely rare. The ceremony of taking the veil is too solemn, and bears too much the character of a public engagement, to allow full liberty of choice during the subsequent noviciate. The timid mind of a girl shrinks from the idea of appearing again in the world, under the taint reproach of fickleness and relaxed devotion. The nuns, besides, do not forget their arts during the nominal trial of the victim, and she lives a whole year the object of their caresses. Nuns, in fact, who, after profession, would have given their lives for a day of free breathing out of their prison, it has been my misfortune to know; but I cannot recollect more than one instance of a novice quitting the convent; and that was a woman of obscure birth, on whom public opinion had no influence.

That many nuns, especially in the more liberal convents, live happy, I have every reason to believe; but, on the other hand, I possess indubitable evidence of the exquisite misery which is the lot of some unfortunate females, under similar circumstances. I shall

mention only one case, in actual existence, with which I am circumstantially acquainted.

A lively and interesting girl of fifteen, poor, though connected with some of the first gentry in this town, having received her education under an aunt, who was at the head of a wealthy, and not austere, Franciscan convent, came out, as the phrase is, to see the world, previous to her taking the veil. I often met the intended novice at the house of one of her relations, when that world she had learned to abhor in description, was so visibly and rapidly winning her affections, that at the end of three months she could hardly disguise her aversion to the veil. The day, however, was now fast approaching which had been fixed for the ceremony, without her feeling sufficient resolution to decline it. Her father, a good but weak man, she knew too well, could not protect her from the treatment of an unfeeling mother, whose vanity was concerned in thus disposing of a daughter for whom she had no hopes of finding a suitable match. The kindness of her aunt, the good nun to whom the distressed girl was indebted for the happiness of her childhood, formed, besides, too strong a contrast with the unkindness of the unnatural mother, not to give her wavering mind a strong though painful bias towards the cloister. To this were added all the arts of pious seduction so common among the religious of both sexes. The preparations for the approaching solemnity were, in the mean time, industriously got forward with the greatest publicity. Verses were circulated, in which her confessor sang the triumph of Divine Love over the wily suggestions of the *impious*. The *wedding-dress* was shewn to every acquaintance, and the notice of the appointed day was given to friends and relatives. But the fears and aversions of the devoted victim grew in proportion as she saw herself more and more involved in the toils she had wanted courage to burst when she first felt them.

It was in company with my friend Scandro, with whose private history you are well acquainted, that I often met the unfortunate Maria Francisca. His efforts to dissuade her from the rash step she was going to take, and the warm language in which he spoke to her father on that subject, had made her look upon him as a warm and sincere friend. The unhappy girl, on the eve of the day when she was to take the veil, repaired, to church, and sent him a message, without mentioning her name, that a female penitent requested his attendance at the confessional. With painful surprise he found the future novice at his feet, in a state bordering on distraction. When a flood of tears had allowed her utterance, she told him that, for want of another friend in the whole world to whom she could disclose her feelings, she came to him, not, however, for the purpose of confession, but because she trusted he would listen with pity to her sorrows. With a warmth and eloquence above her years, she protested that the distant terrors of eternal punishment, which, she feared, might be the consequence of her determination, could not deter her from the step by which she was going to escape the incessant persecution of her mother. In vain did my friend volunteer his assistance to extricate her from the appalling difficulties which surrounded her; in vain did he offer to wait upon the archbishop, and implore his interference: no offers, no persecutions could move her. She parted as if ready to be conveyed to the scaffold, and the next day she took the veil.

The real kindness of her aunt, and the treacherous smiles of the other nuns, supported the pining novice through the year of probation. The scene I is held when she was bound with the perpetual vows of monastic life, is one which I cannot recollect without an actual sense of suffocation. A solemn mass, performed with all the splendour which that ceremony admits, preceded the awful oaths of the novice. At the conclusion of the service, she approached the superior of the order. A pen, gaily ornament-

ed with artificial flowers, was put into her trembling hand, to sign the engagement for life, on which she was about to enter. Then, standing before the iron-gate of the choir, she began to chaunt, in a weak and fainting voice, the act of consecration of herself to God; but, having uttered a few words, she fainted into the arms of the surrounding nuns. This was attributed to mere fatigue and emotion. No sooner had the means employed restored to the victim the powers of speech, than, with a vehemence which those who knew not her circumstances attributed to a fresh impulse of holy zeal, and in which the few that were in the painful secret saw nothing but the madness of despair, she hurried over the remaining sentences, and sealed her doom for ever.

The real feelings of the new votaress, were, however, too much suspected by her more bigoted or more resigned fellow-prisoners; and time and despair making her less cautious, she was soon looked upon as one likely to bring disgrace upon the whole order, by divulging the secret that it is possible for a woman to feel impatient under her vows. The storm of conventual persecution (the fiercest and most pitiless of all that breed in the human heart,) had been lowering over the unhappy young woman during the short time which her aunt, the prioress, survived. But when death had left her friendless, and exposed to the tormenting ingenuity of a crowd of female zealots, whom she could not escape for an instant, unable to endure her misery, she resolutely attempted to drown herself. The attempt, however, was ineffectual. And now the merciless character of Catholic superstition appeared in its full glare. The mother, without impeaching whose character no judicial steps could be taken to prove the invalidity of the profession, was dead; and some relations and friends of the poor prisoner were moved by her sufferings to apply to the church for relief. A suit was instituted for this purpose before the ecclesiastical court, and the clearest evidence adduced of the indirect compulsion which had been used in the case. But the whole order of St. Francis, considering their honour at stake, rose against their rebellious subjects, and the judges sanctioned her vows as voluntary and valid. She lives still in a state approaching to madness, and death alone can break her chains.

Such an instance of misery is, I hope, one of those extreme cases which seldom take place, and more seldom transpire. The common source of suffering among the Catholic recluses proceeds from a certain degree of religious melancholy, which, combined with such complaints as originate in perpetual confinement, affect more or less the greater number.

MODEL OF A FRIENDLY LETTER.

Look on this Picture,

My dear Lady D——

With feelings of the most inexpressibly affectionate interest, I take up my pen to congratulate you on the marriage of your lovely and accomplished Alethea.

To you who know every thought of myh eart, it is almost unnecessary to sayt hat, next to the maternal tenderness with which I watch over my own girls, I feel the most anxious solicitude in every thing that relates to your charming family.

And on this.

You tiresome old toad:

You've manœuvred off one of your gawky frights at last, and I must say something on the occasion.

How the deuce! did you contrive to hook in that noodle of a lord, when I've been spreading my nets ever since he came of age, to catch him for my eldest girl?

That sweet love Alethea has always, you know, been my peculiar favourite, and tears of the sweetest exultation swell into my eyes, when I think of the brilliant establishment you have secured for her.

Our long friendship, my beloved friend, and my maternal affection for the dear creature, are pleas which I shall urge in claiming the delightful office of presenting her at the next drawing-room.

Soon, very soon, my dearest friend, may I have to congratulate you on some equally advantageous establishment for your sweet delicate Anna Maria.

I earnestly hope that foolish story which *you* of course have heard about Lord V.'s keeping a lady at Paris, and having lost £20,000 at the Saloon, at one sitting, will not reach the ear of our sweet sensible girl.—But people are so malicious!

Where are your two lovely boys? Dear fellows! we have not seen them since they left Eton, and you know how I delight in their charming spirits.

&c. &c. &c. &c. &c.
And remains ever,
With the most inviolable attachment,
My dearest Lady D.'s
Most sincerely affectionate
friend, M. G.

That pert minx Alethea has always been my particular aversion, and I am ready to cry with spite, at the idea of her being a countess.

As you can't hobble to court on your crutches, I shall be expected to present her *ladyship*, and I *must* do it, though I know I shall expire with vexation at the sight of the V. diamonds in her odious red hair.

One comfort is—you'll never be able to get off that little humph-backed thing Anna Maria, and you know well enough there is no hope in it, so I hate to be talked to about her.

You won't care much about it, even if it was true, but I can think of nothing else to plague the old cat. I'll take care the young one shall know it *somehow*.

I'd as lieve have a couple of wild cats turned loose into the drawing room, as let in those two riotous cubs; but I've nine girls to bring out yet, and the young D.'s will be tolerably good catches, though only honourables.

Fudge, fudge, fudge, fudge, fudge.

I think I've given you enough for one dose, though I'm afraid you're up to me. I hate you cordially; *that's certain*. M. G.

VARIETIES.

Irish Cunning.—In the "At Home" of Mr. Matthews, he gives the following anecdote:—Being put on shore in Ireland, on his way to seek an engagement at Dublin, he gave a small trunk to a man to carry, who, on their arrival at the hotel, was not satisfied with the shilling that Mr. M. gave him. "And is this all you're going to gi' me, Mr. Matthews, for bringing that *murdering load?*" Mr. M. not a little astonished at the fellow's knowing his name, inquired how it could be. "Och! don't I know you well enough, Mr. Matthews and don't I know that your honour 'ill gi' me another sixpence!"—*M.* 'Well, if you'll tell me how you came to know me, I will give you another sixpence.' "Will you, though—honour bright?"—*M.* 'Yes, I will.'—"Why then, didn't I read your good looking name on the little brass plate at the top of your honour's trunk?—Blessings on the Sunday-schools for it!"—*M.* "Well, here's a shilling, give me sixpence back.'—"D—n the bit of a sixpence I've got; but I'll run and fetch one and be back in—"—*M.* 'Not got one! why I saw one in your mouth this moment.'—"And is it *that* you *mane?* Would I, think ye, be giving your honour a sixpence out

of my dirty mouth."—*M.* Well, keep the shilling.'—"Ah! good luck and success to your honour!—has your mother any more of ye?"

Tests for Arsenic.—Dr. Porter, of the University of South Carolina, in observing on the tests for the detection of arsenic, remarks, that an appearance similar to Scheele's green is produced by carbonate of potash, added to a solution of copper, containing coffee, but without arsenic, more striking than if a weak solution of arsenic be used. He also states, that in the production of Scheele's green by arsenic, sulphate of copper, and carbonate of potash, chromate of potash might be substituted for the arsenic; and that the precipitate produced, could not be distinguished by the eye from Scheele's green. Also, that Mr. Hume's test of the nitrate of silver (as modified in its application by Dr. Marcet) gave, with chromate of potash, a yellow precipitate, which, when placed side by side with one produced by arsenic, could not be distinguished by colour or appearance from it.

Effects of Lightning.—A house at Geneva, which had plates of tinned iron disposed in various ways about the roof and other parts, was struck by lightning on the 3d of July. The lightning produced various effects here and there, but among them none was more remarkable than that produced on one of the plates of tin that had been placed on the roof against the chimney. This plate is pierced by two circular holes, about an inch in diameter each, and four inches apart. Each hole is strongly burred, but the remarkable circumstance is, that the burs of the two holes are in opposite directions, which, according to M. Pictet, either indicates that the electric fluid has passed through the plate forming one hole, has moved five inches along it, and then gone through again; or that there were two currents of fluid which moved simultaneously in opposite directions, at five inches distant from each other.

Curious Mode of calculating the Duration of a Man's Life.—The length of a man's life may be estimated by the number of pulsations which he has strength to perform. Thus, allowing 70 years for the common age of man, and 60 pulses in a minute, the common measure of pulses in his whole life would amount to 2,207,520,000; but if, by intemperance, he forces his blood into a more rapid motion, so as to give 75 pulses in a minute, the same number of pulses would be completed in 56 years; consequently, his life would be reduced 14 years.

POETRY.

THE GRAVE OF BEAUTY.

Why bloom the flowers around this grave,
Why grows the grass so green;
Why do the trees their branches wave
To grace the solemn scene

The sexton wiped his dusky face,
Leaned on his spade and sighed,
Gazed for a moment on his race,
And, slowly, thus replied:—

"There all the brightest beauty lies
That ever dwelt in clay;

There sleep the softest, loveliest, eyes
That ever met the day!

There all the best affections rest
That ever sway'd the mind;
A heart, of every charm possessed,
To every ill resigned!

But, ah! the gayest bubbles burst,
The brightest visions fly!
The sweetest flowers are plucked the first,
The fairest soonest die!

Across the path she used to tread
A youth there chanced to stray;
O! had I seen the angel dead
Before she saw the day!

They met beneath yon mournful tree,
And pledged the fatal vow;
He gave a golden gem, and she
A ringlet from her brow!

Not long he trod the maiden's track,
Nor long his love he told;
He gave the raven ringlet back,
And she the gem of gold!

But, ah! her peace on earth was o'er,
In silent shame she sigh'd;
Till, like a wave upon the shore,
She broke her heart and died!

The turf lies lightly on her head,
Green grows the clay cold sod;
The flow'rs that round their fragrance shed
Once deck'd the path she trod!

The trees which o'er her death-bed wave,
And sigh her requiem now,
Ivy-clad saw the pledge she gave,
And heard the solemn vow!

By fancy hands each flower was set
Its humble head that rears
And fancy wrung at midnight met,
Soft as the dews their tears!

THE CONVERSION.—A TALE.

The present is the age of true Religion,
Especially with the fairer sex,
Whose hearts are downy soft as wing of widgeon;
Whilst our's I fear are full of blots and specks,
Hard as a silex; but why must I hint
The thing in Latin,—hard as any flint

This simple story I'm about to tell
Sufficiently exemplifies the statement,
Which I shall just relate as it befel,
Without or aggravation or abatement:
A Surgeon, of a liberal education,—
That is, who slash'd away in his vocation,—

To sweet humanity claim'd some pretence,
He could not bear to see men hang or drown;
'Twas cruel to keep life in long suspense—
So he would quickly cut them up, or down;
And knowing that men rise again who die,
Would kindly hang their livers up to dry.

This surgeon had a wife, sage and devout,
(A real blessing, when not quite outrageous,)
Women, when so, should never be let out,
Because the hydrophobia is contagious:
Suffice to say, she was, in point of piety,
A lady of important notoriety;

Was of the female tract association,
Who creep about from house to house as teachers,
To ask the servants questions—on salvation;
And teach them to despise their parish preachers;
To clap upon their souls religious plasters,
And tell them, they have very wicked masters.

This lady's forte peculiar was conversion;
She thought, that Heaven had bade her take the tolls
On the saints' high way road for her diversion;
So she was always on look-out for souls;
Meanwhile her spouse watch'd 'midst anatomies,
Like spider in his web of dry-suck'd flies.

Patients oft think cold comfort 'neath their sod is,
Unless their peccadilloes are forgiven

She took their souls in hand and he their bodies;
No doubt they found the nearest way to Heaven:
So by this generous pair both pains and vices
Were brought to a most comfortable crisis.

How happy thus when man and spouse agree
Striving to put an end to sinful groans,
To let th' imprison'd soul of man go free,
Like spermaceti from his bag of sanoq
Now so it happen'd, that, to sweep the Surgery,
And clean the gallipots and other drudgery,

They kept a poor black-boy, whose occupation
Would often cause him curiously to peep
With awful stare into each preparation,
Till skeletons would haunt him in his sleep;
For he'd some sense, and often thought himself
Should one day stand encas'd upon the shelf.

This poor black sinner's sinful soul to win
The lady thought would be a glorious act;—
That she too was predestin'd to the thing;
No doubt she thought so, though I doubt the fact:
Therefore from morn till night she let her tongue go,
Till she had made a milk-white saint of Mungo.

She thought him safe, elect, and so he seem'd,
For he had all his catechism by rote;
It was, but seems, the lady never dream'd,
Beyond the book how hard it is to quote;
She'd often put poor blackey in the tub,
And thought he grew quite blanch'd beneath her scrub.

This done, she call'd together all the sect,
To draw up a report upon the case;
To publish his new birth to the elect;
A flourish for the magazine of grace
Women and men they came to tea and prayers,
And sang their loud thanksgivings on the stairs.

A worn-out sinner is a saint half made,
For where the old man ends the saint begins;
Repentance then sets up a pleasing trade,
Dealing them out again their former sins;
Which daily are served up as food to sinners,
As hashes are made out of last week's dinners.

I do not say this was the case with them,
A hornet's nest 'tis dangerous to attack;
They say they're sinners, but not I condemn;
My business now is only with the Black,
Who stood most piteously before the sect
To answer questions from the Lord's elect.

Thus—"Mungo, you have often seen dissection,
So know of course we all must die, and then,
You know of course too there's a resurrection?"
"Me know!" quoth Mungo, "me hab seen de men;
'Twas but last night they brought a nodder body,
'Tis in de surgery now in my custody."

Shock'd at his answer they sang half a psalm,
Then ask'd him—"Mungo dear, the grace of God
No doubt has bless'd you, say then where the qualm
First seiz'd you, where was't you felt strange and odd?"
"In dere," quoth Mungo, pointing to the door,
Where was the body as he said before.

Satan now all declar'd possess'd the lad,
When thus his mistress undertook to try:
"Mungo, your ignorance is very sad,
But say, where will you go to when you die?"
The very thoughts on't gave the lad the throttles,
"Go to?" he stammer'd out, "into the bottles.